

The Critic

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Local Color.

ONE everywhere meets with this phrase in current criticisms of fiction. It becomes important, therefore, to give it the anchor of an exact meaning, lest it be tossed hither and thither over the sea of speech until it be worthless. Théophile Gautier's words on Balzac's 'Séraphita-Séraphitus' may be cited as illustrating in part its true significance. 'Balzac,' said he, 'employed in that work two colors, celestial blue and snow-white—with some nacreous tints for shadows.' The scenes represented were, it will be remembered, the dazzling panorama of Norway; hence the Norwegian colors—celestial blue, snow-white, nacreous tints for shadows. Herefrom one may perhaps venture to derive the first general idea regulating the use of local color in literature: the writer must lay upon his canvas those colors that are true for the region he is describing and characteristic of it. Of course this is an easy saying; but it is not also easy work, as any writer who has tried it will know. It does not concern the novelist as a student of human life, but as an artist of pictorial environment and phenomena. It withdraws his attention from character, plot, incident, motive, and fixes it upon skies, atmospheres, horizons, landscapes, sites, monuments—everything in short, by which human life in the locality chosen is colored, illuminated or darkened. In truth, human life becomes to him a part of nature and must be depicted as such: and nature everywhere dresses in characteristic and faultless colors. Now it may not be too much to say that the study of local color is one of the latest aims and highest refinements of modern fiction. Certainly the sense of color is very active in the world just now: the evidences of which could easily be collected from various sources. But while in certain departments it is a renaissance, in the department of fiction it is almost the creation of a new delight.

No doubt the American schools of writers are to be thanked for assisting to develop this fresh beauty of prose imaginative literature. This country, with its vast geographical extent—with its bleak and tropical extremes, its range of altitude and its richness of sea-coast, lake and river scenery—presents a field of unequalled diversity for special studies in local color. Moreover, nature seems always to have exercised a strong and tender influence over the Americans. From the first this has been evident in American poetry. Even Longfellow, who stands as preëminently the poet of the pure sentiments and gentle emotions of the human heart, may be brought forward as a conspicuous example of it. If one will read his poetry with the intention of noting the use he makes of a single element in nature—water, in all the forms that it may possibly assume—he will get some slight idea of how accurate and loving a naturalist the poet was. This same influence is more significantly shown in the prose-poets of nature—that slender succession of rarely constituted minds, coming down through many races and times, which was continued among us formerly by Thoreau and others and is represented by John Burroughs

and others now. And finally this influence, we are here concerned to emphasize, is making itself felt in the work of American novelists and story-writers. It is somewhat invidious to call names; but as notable exemplars of fine effects in local color, one may well mention Howells for New England, Harte for California, Cable for Louisiana, Miss Woolson for the lakes, 'Craddock' for the mountains of Tennessee.

But to return to Gautier: Balzac, said he, prepared sombre depths and bituminous pathways for his luminous figures, and light backgrounds for those that were dusky; even setting, like Rembrandt, its appropriate spangle of light upon the brow or the nose of a conspicuous personage. Here, then, we advance to a second thought in the use of local color: the writer, having selected for his canvas those colors that are true for, and characteristic of, the region he is describing, must next use these for the purpose of guiding literary perception, creating literary perspective, securing literary relief and the like. But this is a hard, hard saying. How often in fiction does one come upon descriptions of scenery that are in no wise related to the unfolding of the literary purpose: minute studies in nature made for their own sake, and if transferred to the realm of visible art, not possibly to be painted into the main picture, but to be done on bits of separate canvas! But the bituminous pathway must not be introduced simply because there is a bituminous pathway. Descriptions of scenery are a means, not an end; so much of it as is given in the novel or the short story should be strictly related to so much of human life as is represented. Fiction is not the proper literary form in which to furnish the reader miscellaneous information of flora, climate and other scientific features of an unknown region.

Now it is needless to say that this is a deep and subtle subject. To relate nature to life in literature as they are related in reality requires that one shall be more than a mere novelist—more than a novelist and an artist combined. It requires that he shall also be in some measure a scientist: he must comprehend the significance of the natural pictorial environment of humanity in its manifold effects upon human life, and he must make this knowledge available for literary presentation. The development of the novel along this line is therefore a direct consequence of the development of certain branches of physical science. There was a time when almost nothing could have been expected from it; there will be a time when vastly more will be attained through it than is now possible. From an artistic point of view, the aim of local color should be to make the picture of human life natural and beautiful, or dreary, or sombre, or terrific, as the special character of the theme may demand; from a scientific point of view, the aim of local color is to make the picture of human life natural and—*intelligible*, by portraying those picturable potencies in nature that made it what it was and must go along with it to explain what it is. The novelist must encompass both aims.

Novelist, artist, scientist: what more? Stylist. The happiest use of local color will test to the uttermost one's taste and attainments as a language-colorist. How shall a florid genius be at home amid the bleakness of New England winter-scenes? Or how shall a pallid one be adequate to describe the landscapes of California—unless, as Lewes said, the style be *rouged*, and, for that matter, the imagination also! It is no new thing to say that different writers excel in describing different kinds of scenery, due to the fact that their tastes are unlike, and the qualities of their styles of necessity no less so; but it is certainly a good place to press the thought, that these personal traits constitute an important factor in determining the success with which a writer will describe life in any given locality. And to sum up the foregoing suggestions in a single sentence, the utmost felicity in the use of local color should result, when the writer chooses the most suitable of all colors that are characteristic; when he makes these available in the highest

degree for artistic presentation; and when he attains and uses the perfection of coloring in style.

Now, as currently used, the phrase seems to have no such meaning; sometimes it seems to have absolutely no reference to color, but solely to form: denoting not the light on the landscape but the figures grouped on it—perhaps scientifically accurate but altogether unpictorial details—rare collections of topographical curiosities—local *lusus naturæ*. If these things must be praised, praise them, but not as touches of local color. I cite two things that appear to be thus erroneously treated: dialects, and types of character. Neither lies in the realm of color. You can't paint a dialect. You can't paint a character, intrinsically considered. But a character may be brought into the realm of color by its picturable phenomena. Witness the red stone in the bosom of Mr. James's hero in 'The Bostonians': it is equal to a Rembrandt spangle on the nose! On the other hand, a character, if given as a colorless analytical study of psychological traits, is as remote from art as a page of Kant.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Reviews

"The First Napoleon."*

THE position of Mr. Ropes as a military critic is well known. Among such writers in this country he is easily first. And although circumstances have prevented him from seeing any military service, yet few people have devoted so many years to the study of military history and are so competent as himself to pass judgment upon military events. It is natural that to such a mind the career of Napoleon should have a peculiar fascination; and it is fortunate that the results of years of enthusiastic study on this subject, which were first given as lectures before the Lowell Institute, should now be offered to the public in book form. It is hardly too much to say that they present in brief compass the best account of Napoleon's career in the English language. 'The character of Napoleon must to a certain extent be left undetermined,' so Mr. Ropes tells us on his last page; and he goes on to say that it does not seem to him 'a strong or a deep character,' one that recognized its responsibilities or came up to 'the requirements of an educated and vigilant conscience.' And such is certainly the impression left on the mind by reading this brilliant summary of his eventful life. For while on the one hand we are told that 'it was no soldier's ambition that carried the great conqueror from Madrid to Moscow,' that it was Napoleon's life-work to consolidate the great results of the Revolution, to stand as the personal embodiment of its principles of equality before the law as against the privileges of the favored few under the old régime, and in so doing to be attacked by the whole of Europe representing the old ideas—yet we are also told that he was 'a born gambler in war,' that 'he had an inordinate reliance on the use of force,' 'a wholly inadequate appreciation of the importance of the preservation of the Empire,' and that these traits 'seem to indicate in Napoleon a deplorable and radical defect in mind and character.' Yet again, this was the man who devised the Code Napoléon, which is 'to-day the framework of law in France, Holland, Belgium, Western Germany, Switzerland and Italy,' and but for which, 'entering into and determining the public and private relations of the French people, becoming to them a rule of justice and a priceless possession, the restoration of the Bourbons would have swept away most of the reforms of the revolutionary period.'

Surely here are contradictions enough—a man who was at once the lawgiver to his people and the embodiment of the reforms of his time, and a mere gamester in war and politics, playing with the destinies of peoples for the mere excitement of strong sensations. Yet it is no part of the

duty of the historian or essayist to try to make a man's character appear consistent. This has been the fault of nearly all the writers upon Napoleon. To the English he is merely a vulgar adventurer and soldier of fortune; to the east of Europe a radical destroyer of society; to one class of Frenchmen a tyrant who subverted their liberties, and to another class the greatest statesmen and soldier the world has ever seen, possessed of godlike powers. From each of these standpoints whole libraries have been written. It is the excellence of Mr. Ropes's sketch that he writes from none of them—that he judges Napoleon as he would judge other great men. He admires the marvellous military genius of 1796 and 1800, of Ulm and Austerlitz, of Jena and Friedland and Wagram; and he condemns unsparingly the overweening confidence, carelessness and hesitation of Moscow and Leipzig. He commends the talents of the 'man of affairs' who brought order out of the chaos into which the Revolution had drifted, but points out the inconsistency and political error of attempting to force his rule upon Spain after it was evident that the people did not desire it. And to his obstinacy in carrying on the Spanish War, and in refusing to come to any terms with Austria after the disastrous Russian campaign, Mr. Ropes attributes his downfall. Of the endless campaigns and battles of the Napoleonic period only a short synopsis is given, otherwise the book could not have been compressed into 300 pages; but it is such a synopsis as only a mind well trained in military studies could give. But of Waterloo there is a fuller account. To the author's mind the battle was lost by Napoleon's faults in selecting his corps commanders, his carelessness in allowing Grouchy to become separated from him, and the fatuity of one of his *aides de camp* in giving an unauthorized order—rather than gained by any skill of Wellington and Blücher. This may be true—though we think it hardly does justice to Blücher—but, as Mr. Ropes himself points out, Napoleon's own greatest victories were only won through some irreparable blunder of his adversary, and, judged by this standard, Wellington is entitled to the same credit for Waterloo as Napoleon for Austerlitz. Still, as we have already said, this is not a study of Napoleon merely as a soldier, but of his whole career, political and military, each part of which is properly considered in relation to the whole; and the result is a sketch—or rather a completed picture—of wonderful force and clearness.

"The Silent South."*

CLEARLY, the old provincialism which used to be the bane of 'Southern literature' before the War, is fading away. Southern readers are no longer content to wrap themselves up in the contemplation of 'them intellektle giants, Simms an' Maury' (to quote from Lowell's 'Biglow Papers'), and declare this or that local poet or novelist one of the world's geniuses, kept from his dues by malignant cabals of Boston critics. Neither, on the other hand, are the foremost Southern authors afraid to utter anything but indiscriminate praise of the politics, society, and institutions in which they live. That 'nationalism in literature' of which Mr. Cable has so admirably spoken, as opposed to sectionalism, is beginning to make the South content to have its authors measured by standards of general criticism; while those authors themselves are realizing that literature can be thoroughly indigenous and yet broad and free. Meanwhile Northern and Western readers should not forget that colonialism, in their own sections, is not quite dead yet, nor is the mutual admiration society and the indignant sensitiveness of provincialism wholly extinct.

This hopeful element in Mr. Cable's new volume—containing his well known *Century* papers on 'The Silent South,' 'The Freedman's Case in Equity' and 'The Convict Lease System,' impresses the literary student quite as

* The First Napoleon. A Sketch, Political and Military. By John Codman Ropes. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The Silent South; together with The Freedman's Case in Equity, and The Convict Lease System. By George W. Cable. \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

strongly as does the discussion of the political and social questions involved. Mr. Cable boldly, strongly and convincingly tells the South that it is on honor in its treatment of the Freedmen, now that bayonets from Washington are withdrawn; that the case will not 'down,' but must be settled; that civil rights are one thing, social equality quite another; that the former must ultimately be given and secured, though, of course, social communism, in the thousand details of life, will come no sooner in the South than in the North; and that the irregularity in the treatment of the negro—who has far better treatment in South Carolina than in Georgia or Tennessee—must be done away. Finally, he makes a vigorous attack on the convict lease system and the white jury system, whereby negroes are punished more severely and more constantly than whites, even when we take into account their average social standing and consequent proclivity to petty crime. Not all readers, North or South, will agree with all Mr. Cable's statements; but they certainly must admit that here is a book to be considered, and either accepted in the main or refuted in the main. Mr. Cable writes with vigor, courtesy and moderation—sometimes with eloquence. In this book, however, there is an occasional muddiness of style and lack of clearness, which make the reader reread a sentence or a paragraph. This fault is one not found in the author's other books, and which could easily have been remedied by more careful revision of the manuscript before printing.

Political Economy.*

THE growing interest in, and discussion of, questions connected with political economy make it highly important that its principles should be thoroughly and yet simply treated in elementary works. Those who have become acquainted with Prof. Newcomb's little book on the 'A B C of Finance' will expect something admirable from him in the way of a fuller treatment of that and other questions in this science. The larger work he now publishes (1), in the form of a systematic treatise on political economy, fully confirms this expectation. He has carefully avoided the scientific and learned phraseology of so many writers, and has written in a simple and commonsense manner. His definitions are calculated to open the subject to the student in the easiest and most efficient way. For college use we do not know of a better work, or one more likely to rouse in the student the spirit of independent inquiry. Of special value are the introductory chapters on the logical basis and method of economic science, and the concluding ones on its applications. The five introductory chapters bring the objects and the spirit of the science before the student at the outset, and lead him to understand why it is that he should investigate its operations and its laws. They caution him against errors into which he is likely to fall, and help him to see the true method of procedure. The concluding chapters discuss the practical problems of the let-alone principle, the policy of a protective tariff, taxation, monometallism and bimetalism, regulation of the currency, socialism and charitable effort. In these chapters the author is in no sense a *doctrinaire*; he fairly presents both sides and avoids all extremes. He claims that all rigid theories fail on application, and that the political economist must be guided by what is demanded by given conditions. He rejects the let-alone principle, and yet it often has its fitness to present circumstances and may be applied with good results. For the student this spirit of free inquiry is highly important and should be in every way encouraged. The text-book which presents only one side of such a problem as the tariff is greatly deficient. Such a method is not in the least in accordance with the scientific spirit. If Prof. Newcomb has lost something in distinct statement, he has gained in the power of stimulating a just and a thorough study of the sub-

ject in all its bearings. He helps the student to form his own conclusions, instead of providing them ready-made for him. For simplicity of statement and fairness of method this book will commend itself to all teachers and students of political economy.

Mr. Patten's 'Premises of Political Economy' (2) will be pronounced a tissue of fallacies by free trade critics, and will be hailed by protectionists as a stalwart auxiliary. While free trade forms directly the subject of only one chapter out of eight, the argument of the whole book is directed against that let-alone policy, which has reigned supreme in the English school of political economy, and of which free trade is only the most conspicuous application. The chapter entitled 'Free Competition' presents vigorously the evils which result from the present economical régime, and the closing chapter, 'Maintaining a High Standard of Life,' proposes practical remedies for these evils, the principal one of which is the non-enforcement of certain classes of contracts (for example, the garnishment of wages, and contracts against salaries), with the intent that 'every one engaged in production [should be] compelled to assume his proper share of the risk' (p. 232). The fundamental social principle of the book is stated on page 217: 'It is only in social affairs that the theory prevails that men should do nothing, that they should leave everything just as they happen to find it, and not try by the use of intelligence to improve on what has been given them by nature.' Whatever we may think of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, of the policy of protection, the originality and ability of the work before us cannot be questioned. It contains almost the only cogent and weighty arguments against the doctrines of Ricardo and Malthus that we have seen; even the 'law of diminishing returns' is shown to be a very imperfect statement of economical truth. Unfortunately the effectiveness of this able piece of reasoning is very much lessened by the lack of literary skill: it is often obscure; often (as in the passage cited above) incomplete; sometimes even self-contradictory in terms. For example (p. 211), after saying that 'the cheap kinds of food are those whose production requires the least skill and capital,' the author proceeds: 'The more intelligent classes, as the price of food rises above what they can pay, gradually disappear, leaving society made up of two distinct classes—the very rich and powerful on the one hand, the poor and oppressed on the other.' This reads like nonsense; but the context shows that the food referred to in the last extract is the higher priced articles, such as the intelligent laborers consume. There are many similarly obscure sentences and bits of arguments: but making allowance for all, we have here an economical theory which deserves to be carefully and soberly examined.

Some Recent Books of Verse.

WHILE our best-known poets are too inactive, there are frequent additions to the ranks of those whose song comes from natural impulse and lightens the routine of non-professional life. Here are two books of verse, written, one might say, within sound of Trinity chimes. 'Songs of Sleepy Hollow, and Other Poems' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is Stephen Henry Thayer's volume of lyrical pieces, some of which already have passed into 'collections,' while many have found favor with readers of *The Christian Union* and other journals. If Mr. Thayer's days are passed in Wall Street, the landscape and love of nature in his pages show that he was country-born, however far his steps have strayed. A close familiarity with the beautiful region sacred to Irving is indicated both by the title of his book and by the contents. His verse is marked by the tender feeling, sympathy and aspiration through which we recognize a disciple of the meditative school. He writes with careful finish, occasionally rising to lyrical fervor, as in 'The Waiting Chords' and the impassioned 'Past the Portal'—an expression of the soul's ecstasy on release from this mortal coil.

* 1. Principles of Political Economy. By Simon Newcomb. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Bros. 2. The Premises of Political Economy. By Simon N. Patten. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE second book, 'Verses' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a posthumous collection of the poems of Francis Allen Hillard, to whom one of Mr. Thayer's sonnets is addressed. Mr. Hillard came of a literary stock,—was a brother of the late George S. Hillard, and an uncle of Miss Kate Hillard, our deft writer of criticism and graceful verse. He was a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and went through all the vicissitudes of its dramatic turmoil, without hardening his nature or dulling his sense of the beautiful and true. His poems are mostly subjective, the expression of a loving and earnest spirit. One of them, 'Medusa,' displays a strong and quite original treatment. A sonnet may be quoted for its happy reproduction of the early English flavor:

When from the narrow round that hems me in
My chafing spirit rages to get free,
Scorning just laws for natural liberty,
And, haughty grown, a wider sphere would win;
I do bethink me what my lot hath been,
How small vexations like a wasting sea
Do fret my temper to extremity,
And leave me spent where I would fain begin.
Then say—As Heaven adjusts our strength and weight,
Nor greater burden gives than we can bear,
But each a spirit equal to his fate;
So my poor task-work, done with reverent care,
More hallowed is than aims beyond my state:
Lord! keep me constant where my duties are.

HERE is a little book with dark blue binding and multitude of spidery golden lines entangling a full moon, a circle of dancing elves, and Master Puck astride of a nightingale: songs from Elf-land evidently—dews, and cates, and ocean-spray touched with moonshine. Looking in, and peeping betwixt the covers, we gather its title: 'Oberon and Puck: Verses Grave and Gay,' by Helen Gray Cone (Cassell & Co.)—a dainty book, full of maiden thoughts and melodious rhymes, many of which have brightened the corners of magazines and weeklies. Miss Cone strikes a musical lyre, *leviore plectro*, to be sure, and strikes it with an assured hand. Many sprightly little bits of goldenrod, audacious dandelion and opiate poppy make up her choice bouquet; and here and there a *fleur de lis* flaunts among the paler blossoms. That she has delicate humor, too, one may easily see from 'The Tender Heart'; and there is a lovely tribute to Ellen Terry's Beatrice (p. 86). The only fault we have to find with the book is the overpowering *odeur Swinburnienne* of parts of it—a peculiar odor, as penetrating as musk, as detectable as Cashmere bouquet, as cheap as alliteration.

THE 'Verses' of Anson D. F. Randolph (Charles Scribner's Sons) are graceful, tender and reverent little poems, interesting from the thoughtful refinement of their tone. Those in the first part of the book were published originally in 1866, and one finds among them several pretty favorites whose author had been forgotten. The opening poem, 'Hopefully Waiting,' is the more original and interesting of the collection, dealing with heaven and earth in a way at once reverent and reasonable, free from the somewhat mawkish morbidity with which the subject is apt to be treated.—THE Poems of Mrs. H. J. Lewis (Cupples, Upham & Co.) are verses regular in rhythm and careful in rhyme. Their intellectual grasp may be inferred from their titles, such as 'A Summer Morning,' 'Give me Old Music,' 'Autumn Leaves,' 'Grateful Memories,' 'Prayer for Rain,' 'Let me Die Young,' etc.

The Ægean, Euxine and Balkans.*

WE know of no writer on travel over beaten paths who excels Dr. Field. We do not place him second to Miss Bird or De Amicis. These in their way may be more bril-

liant, high-colored, piquant; but they are less trustworthy, and have not 'the years that bring the philosophic mind.' Our American editor-author is more sunny, meditative, accurate, sympathetic, and knows at a glance what is interesting. He is never tedious. While the vessel of his thought brims with quotable felicities of expression, and is beaded with wit and fancy, it is rich with the vintage of philosophic culture. After an ordinary lifetime spent in studying men and events, and training his pen to make pictures and write histories in paragraphs, this son of America sallies forth from his sanctum to become a true saunterer in a way that satisfies both the ancient (according to Webster) and the modern sense of the word. He first steams round the globe, and shakes out of his quill a pair of literary twins that have entered their—we know not what thousandth. Then, perhaps with a mild twinge of shame at going so fast, he rambles 'Through the Desert' and 'Among the Holy Hills'; and now, just when we want it, he seems but to touch an electric button, and *presto!* the timely book is on our table. The colored maps—clear, pleasing, handy by their size—are characteristic of author and style; while to one of the best of our geographers, scholars, teachers and leaders, who presides over Union Theological Seminary, the dedication is most fitly made. Our author is eminently companionable. We get on board steamer with him at Beirut—the first, but not the last of American civilizing and evangelizing influences in the Turkish empire—and skirt the shores of Asia Minor. In the Greek archipelago we sail over the liquid blue, and talk of Homer and St. John. At Smyrna, and every other place stopped at, we meet friends who seem as much ours as the author's. In the Dardanelles and Constantinople we have the past and present correlated in delightful style, and learn with pride how the American missionaries are really educating new nations. Of 'The Unspeakable Turk,' of 'The Last of the Sultans,' of the 'Black Sea and Free Bulgaria,' of 'The Story of the War,' and of the state of things at present, we read, and of course believe. The author gives both sides, and, even when sitting in judgment, is full of sympathy. If there were any best among his five volumes, which are all excellent, we should aver that it is this, the author's last and smallest.

Miss Tincker's "Aurora."**

IT would be a mixed simile to compare Miss Tincker's novel of 'Aurora' to an oasis in the desert of novels; but it is certainly a fresh and flowery spot in the midst of the somewhat rank over-luxuriance of modern story-telling. It is unique among the novels daily turned out by the press, in being full of the local color of a locality not too familiar, and in being a story without a purpose, ideal rather than realistic, aiming at little but being a reproduction, at once faithful and picturesque, of life under picturesque conditions as it may still be lived and seen in Italy and Spain. The mere story, it is true, amounts to nothing. Miss Tincker's stories rarely attract from their plot or construction; nor does one become very deeply interested in the characters. The morbid and doleful Aurora Coronari fails to become lovable, and the way in which all things 'come round' at last so that she may live happily ever after with her Duke, transgresses what is rapidly becoming a canon of literary art: that people shall not be left living happily ever after, at the close of three volumes of distress. But the setting of the story is most exquisite. In the earlier novel, 'The Jewel in the Lotos,' there was very much to hold the attention fascinated; but what lingers with the reader a year afterward is one solitary page of most beautiful description, which deals simply with an old Italian kitchen just before dinner. This same rare art in portraying things and places is conspicuous also in 'Aurora.' Whether it is a beautiful old garden, or a woman's lovely gown, or some

* The Greek Islands, and Turkey after the War. By Henry M. Field. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

** Aurora. By Mary Agnes Tincker. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

delightful little boys being tucked into bed, the thing described lives in the memory. And yet, in addition to this beautiful detail, Miss Tincker has a very tremendous catastrophe for the crisis of her novel, and one she is entirely justified in using, because it actually happened. Her use of the earthquake at Ischia is most dramatic and powerful; not because of its vividness, but because of its quiet strength. The earthquake itself is done up in one fine paragraph; but the pages just preceding, giving with wonderfully clear, though delicate, touches the peace and gladness, or even the anxiety and trouble, of many different people on the island in their preparation for the morrow that never dawned for them, are a masterly illustration of what such writing should be.

Ouida's "Othmar."*

THE unevenness of Ouida's work makes the reception of a new novel by her a matter of doubt. We take up 'Othmar,' almost inclined to let the intolerable fine print decide against it; but until we are quite sure that the book is one of Ouida's worst, we will not run the risk of losing anything as good as 'Wanda.' We plunge bravely, therefore, into the fine print and the immorality, coming soon, of course, upon an ivory throne, cream-white robes of velvet, great strings of pearls, great bowls of roses, and a magnificent hound, to find before long that the heroine is not Wanda, but the Princess Napraxine. We had an overwhelming prejudice against the Princess, and again the book narrowly escapes the flames. But fortunately we persevere, to meet with our reward. The tone of the book continues unpleasant, and it appears to be evident that what Ouida has at heart is to prove that marriage is the grave of love; yet it becomes more and more evident that Ouida is building better than she knew, and that while she is outwardly pleading for the freedom which means immorality, she is drawing a picture of the unsatisfactoriness of such things as she would perhaps claim for her ideals, and giving a most powerful plea for the loveliness and the value of the very things she decries. This in itself is something. No one could possibly read the book and think it could be a pleasant thing to be a Princess Napraxine. But, in addition to this, we find suddenly towards the close that Ouida has actually been meditating something of the moral we thought she was unconsciously enforcing. We find the Princess, at the last, not triumphant in evil, nor overthrown in her own kingdom by rivals and enemies; but softened, convinced, made womanly and lovable, proving beyond all possible doubt that marriage for her has been the cradle, not the grave, of love. The success with which this has been done can be readily conceived, and the imagination loses itself in wondering what the pen of Ouida will yet accomplish, if haply it shall turn to dealing with things worthy to live in such affluence of language. The scene where the remorseful Princess calls her little children to her and questions them as to their feeling for her is beautiful as Ouida knows how to make such touching scenes; and the closing chapter, where she seeks her husband and confesses there are better things in life than she had known, is one to reconcile us to much of the dreary immorality which has preceded it, and which has suddenly proved unsatisfying as well as wrong.

The Magazines

It is a pleasure to find 'The New Portfolio' still in *The Atlantic*, the January instalment being 'A Cry from the Study,' quite in the old vein of the Autocrat whom we loved so well—a delightfully rambling, personal talk, full of wit and genial fun, all the more funny because the geniality pretends to be a complaint. We feel, after reading it, a satisfaction in remembering that we never asked the author for his autograph, but still more satisfaction in remembering that we have one.—David Dodge writes of 'The Free

Negroes of North Carolina,' referring to those who were free in the time of slavery, and gives melancholy details enough to suit a tale of slavery itself.—That Miss Murfree is equal to herself in the opening chapters of her new serial is perhaps the best compliment we could pay her; and Mrs. Oliphant's skill in telling a story has never been better exemplified than in the 'Country Gentleman'—not that the tale is so excellent, but that being not excellent, in so far as it deals persistently with morbid and improbable situations, one still reads it with absorbing interest.—Mr. James's 'Princess' moves slowly, but it does move, and keeps one interested in what is going to happen, rather than in what is being described.—Mr. Aldrich gives one of his amusing surprises in a light touch at the close of 'Two Bites at a Cherry.'—John Fiske, in 'Political Consequences in England of Cornwallis's Surrender,' asserts that the American victory at Yorktown set on foot a political revolution in England itself.

There are many touches of very fine art in the January *Harper's*. 'Unc Edinburg's Drowndin,' by Thomas Nelson Page, is a dialect story which is a little classic, finer even in its artistic finish and its delicate human feeling than the author's first admirable story of 'Marse Chan.' It is not the least agreeable feature of the story that the dialect is managed with a view to its effect rather than its spelling, so that it can be followed readily without diving into the caverns of one's own intellect for the probable translation into good English.—'Sis,' by Mary Tucker Magill, is another short story above the average.—'East Angels' has a dramatic scene better than anything in it yet, if we except the tea-party; and in 'Indian Summer,' as somebody whom we watched reading it exclaimed, 'Why, something happens!'—The descriptive and heavier articles are a little more ponderous than usual; but Archibald Forbes's 'Christmas-Tide with the Germans before Paris' is delightful—as delightful as if it were not true.—Of Mr. Howells's new department, 'The Editor's Study,' it need only be said that it is as pleasant as one felt sure it would be. Nothing could be more interesting, as the study of a novelist's own mind and methods, than his criticism of others. We learn from this instalment that Mr. Howells objects to landscape indoors.—Nothing, however, in the number is more delicate in touch, and more graceful in feeling, than the welcome of the 'Easy Chair' to the Study. As we read Mr. Curtis's patient and modest conviction that we are reading the Easy Chair hastily in order to slip past into the Study, we have a confession to make: in our eagerness to see what the new department was to be like, we had hurried to the Study *first*; but perhaps it is a greater compliment to the Easy Chair that instead of hurrying through it to reach the other, we hurried to the other, and, agreeable as we found it, came back to lounge with leisurely enjoyment in the Chair. We welcome an innovation which is not a change, but an addition of good things; but whatever else comes, Mr. Curtis may feel sure we shall never, never desert Mr. Micawber.

One of the most striking articles in *The Century* is that by R. W. Shufeldt on 'Feathered Forms of Other Days' with remarkable illustrations.—W. J. Linton writes of 'Some European Republicans,' with portraits of Lamennais, Mazzini, Worcell and Herzen.—One hears that 'The Bostonians' will be concluded in the next number with much the same feeling with which one sometimes hears that a new novel is to be begun.—Mrs. Foote's strong story grows and deepens; and Mr. Stockton contributes one of his delightful short ones, in quite a new vein of humor, but humorous as ever.—The Civil War paper is by Gen. John Pope on 'The Second Battle of Bull Run.'—Joel Chandler Harris has a striking story with less dialect than usual; there is a capital bit of verse by Bessie Chandler in Bric-à-Brac; and an illustration of Carolus Duran's methods with his pupils is interesting to the general reader as well as to artists.

* Othmar. By Ouida. 3s. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Outing has some very good pictures; an interesting article on archery, past and present; a good short story, with one of the original touches always given to her admirable work, by Mrs. Anna Eichberg King; and plenty of 'outings.' We are glad to record again the fact that *Outing* itself is to take a little trip of its own, and come to New York permanently.——*The Overland* opens with a strong and fine short story of mining life, by Leonard Kip, called 'Golden Graves.' It is really a very original 'find' in that somewhat overworked vein of literary matter, and has not been 'salted' with other people's humor or pathos.——There is much discussion of the Chinese question, and an excellent review of John Codman's book on Mormonism.

It is a disappointment to find that the pretty pale blue cover of *The English Illustrated* was only for Christmas, and that we must now return to the pale green. The contents, however, do not disappoint: a bright extravaganza by Wilkie Collins, a story by Mrs. Molesworth, Christie Murray's serial 'Gretna Green Revisited,' 'A Month in Sicily,' and 'Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire,' by Rev. Alfred Ainger, making an attractive number.

In Favor of Free Art.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have read with much pleasure the article which proves your kindly interest in the repeal of the much-talked-of and unfortunate tariff on art. I consider it the most forcible and convincing evidence that has yet been advanced of the undesirability of the present tariff. The fortunate selection of representative names is sufficient to convince those interested in the subject that the bill was passed without the approval or consent of the mass of the profession, and the evidence of it that you have published over the names of our most prominent artists is a protest that should reach the ear of every Congressional Representative. The passage of the bill was the result of a misunderstanding, on the part of a vast majority of those who voted for it, of the wishes of the profession interested; and if their views were placed before Congress as they are in your columns, I am sure it would do much to influence the repeal of this offensive act. I am deeply interested in the movement, and desirous of seeing this narrow and short-sighted policy rectified.

NEW YORK, Dec., 1885. WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am glad that Mr. Belmont intends to make another effort at a removal of the tariff on works of art. I never felt more concerned about anything. Congress is like an old-fashioned doctor who forbids a patient, dying of fever, a glass of water. American art is dying, almost, for want of contact with other art. We do not want to be protected: we want to see some pictures. American art is nothing yet: it is to be cultivated and built up, and this will not be effected by simply making foreign paintings so expensive that people will be tempted to buy American ones. If a man really appreciates a Millet, there is little hope of selling him an American picture on account of the difference in price; and if a man is buying only for show, why it is part of the show to say that his pictures are all foreign. Certainly all the great collections in this country, except Thomas Clark's, are of foreign pictures; so the tariff has thus far done no good, and naturally enough. I don't believe any good will come to us except through our own efforts in competing fairly with foreign art. We are a great people to believe in the utility of legislation, advertisement, 'boom,' tariff—everything but putting the real 'stuff' into our goods. When we stop thinking of getting rich by cutting some one else's throat, and settle down humbly to do something beautiful, then there will be a market for our wares everywhere—not only at home but abroad. What we need is *cultivation*; what we want is to make art in this country common. If we could see good pictures in the shop-win-

dows every morning when we went down town, how much better we would paint, and how much more people would think of art! Collections would come here constantly on invitation from artists and æsthetic societies; loan collections, photographs, casts, bronzes, engravings, carvings would flood the country, and we would draw nourishment from them; instead of being killed by the competition, we would, I believe, astonish ourselves and our public with new productions. All great schools of art have had great examples to draw nourishment and instruction from. It is not enough to have nature to look at.

GEORGE DE F. BRUSH.

ST. THOMAS DE PIERREVILLE,
QUEBEC, CAN., Dec., 1885.

If earnestness and the published testimony of a guild are impressive, those who waver on the question of the tariff on works of art will be impressed by the last number of THE CRITIC. Instead of vague statements that our chief artists are opposed to a duty on art works, here are letters from the Presidents of the three leading art-schools in New York and the Principal of the Woman's School; from the painters Abbey, Beckwith, Blashfield, Boughton, Cox and Dielman; the portrait-painters Alexander, Eaton, Fowler, Sargent, Porter and Weir; the landscape-painters Gifford and Tryon; the sculptors St. Gaudens and Warner; the painters Church, Neal, Pyle, Quartley and Vedder; from Charles G. Leland, writer and teacher, and A. V. S. Anthony, engraver. Petitions went to Congress from the American students and resident artists in Rome, Paris, and Munich; now the home workmen register their disapproval, and, with one exception—that of President Huntington, who alludes to a moderate specific duty on each imported canvas as a possible compromise—are all firm against any duty at all.—*The New York Times*.

THE CRITIC is making a strong fight for free art, and is furnished with a good text from President Cleveland's Message. . . . Perry Belmont will try to accomplish this during the present session of Congress, and in justice to American artists who are abroad, and those who are now in this country but who received their art education mainly through the liberality of European governments, it is to be hoped will succeed. There seems to be no redeeming feature in the law which puts a duty of 30 per cent upon the works of foreign artists which are brought to this country, and American artists are overwhelmingly opposed to it—so much so that they are practically unanimous.—*Wilmington Every Evening*.

The Lounger

THE editors of popular magazines are constantly in receipt of curious letters, but I doubt if any one of them ever received such a one as came to the editor of *Harper's* the other day. It was from a lady who wrote that she was dying, and that her physicians told her she would be dead before the conclusion of Mr. Howells's story, 'Indian Summer,' now running in the *Monthly*. She was very much interested in it, and didn't want to die until she knew how it was going to end, and she begged the editor to let her read the advance-sheets that she might die happy. The writer was apparently in earnest, and the editor has no reason for doubting the genuineness of her letter.

I HAVE just received from London a copy of *The Pall Mall Gazette* of Dec. 31, giving an elaborate account of the production of 'Faust' at the Lyceum Theatre, with illustrations of the most striking situations in the play. From this account, 'Faust' would seem to be an unqualified success. I can well imagine that Mr. Irving would make an ideal Mephistopheles, and I can see every reason why Miss Terry should be a delightful Marguerite. Her performance, however, has been slightly criticised, while Mr. Irving's has received nothing but praise. It is a great pity that we have no theatre in New York managed as the London Lyceum is. But then we have no Baroness Burdett-Coutts. This wealthy and liberal lady put Mr. Irving on his feet by giving him a theatre rent-free for six years. At the end of that time he was established and could afford to pay this very heavy item in a theatre's expenses. If some one of the many wealthy ladies of New York had the interest in and enthusiasm for the drama that Mrs. Thurber has for music, we should not

be long without a theatre that could afford to produce good plays for their own sake.

AN interesting little paragraph, headed 'Mr. Evarts's New Private Secretary,' is going the rounds of the press. It relates how the New York Senator escorted Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes into the Senate Chamber, on a recent occasion, in violation of the rules exposed at each doorway prohibiting the entrance of private citizens. 'Mr. Evarts did not look at the notice as he passed through, and Mr. Holmes did not see it,' the paragraph says; adding that when the Senator was questioned as to how he got the poet in, he replied dryly: 'He is my private secretary.' All this would be more interesting if it were true. Mr. Evarts did *not* take Dr. Holmes on the floor without permission (unless a person has the privilege of the floor, the consent of the presiding officer must be obtained), and he did *not* state that the Autocrat was his private secretary. The paragraph, which is being widely copied, places him in the unpleasant position of having violated one of the Senate's strictest rules.

PHILADELPHIA is going to put New York to the blush, for a movement is on foot in that city for the foundation of a public library worthy of the name. This movement, it seems, has taken definite form, and New York will be left in the rear in a line where she should lead.

Lippincott's Magazine makes a very handsome appearance in its new cover, designed by Mr. Babb, than whom there is no better hand at this sort of work. It was he who made the cover for the bound volumes of *The Century*, from which Mr. Low got some ideas for his decorative work in 'Lamia'; and he is also the architect of the fine building in Lafayette Place where Mr. De Vinne will soon begin to print *The Century* and *St. Nicholas*. I understand, by the way, that 'Lamia' has met with the success it deserved. A week before Christmas there was not a copy to be had at the publishers'. Every one had been sold, and the booksellers could not supply the demand for the book.

THE booksellers tell me that they are very well satisfied with their sales for the past year, and that they have done a bigger holiday business than for several years. It is a saying among booksellers that it only pays to sell during two weeks in the year, and that those are the two weeks before Christmas. An uptown bookseller told me that he made his rent out of his holiday sales; and as his rent cannot be much less than \$10,000, this shows what an important part Christmas plays in the publishing business.

The Catholic World has lost its editor, and Mr. Parnell has gained a new adherent in Parliament, by the recent election of Thomas P. Gill as Member for South Louth, Ireland. To one accustomed to the system of Congressional representation that prevails in the United States, there is something almost grotesque about the election of a resident of New York City to represent an Irish county in the British Parliament. But this is not our affair; and I for one am not inclined to quarrel with a custom that enables men of special ability to go into public life in Great Britain who in this country might be debarred from doing so by the location of their places of residence. Mr. Gill sailed for England on Tuesday last. It is to be hoped that his devotion to Irish affairs will not be so exclusive as to prevent his doing all that can be done to aid the cause of international copyright, which he has at heart. Maurice F. Egan, of *The Freeman's Journal*, will probably be his successor in the editorship of *The Catholic World*.

The Fine Arts.

The Late Governor Morgan's Collection.

ONE wonders whether during the past few days any eager art-lover has bent his steps toward the Academy of Design, expecting to find therein displayed the much-talked-of and much-lauded collections of the late Mrs. Mary Morgan. If so, disappointment must have waited for him at the door and amazement must have followed his every gaze, until, sooner or later, he discovered that he was inspecting, not Mrs. Morgan's collection at all, but a hundred and fifty works of art that had been brought together by the late Hon. Edwin D. Morgan, sometime Governor of our State. In one sense they show great variety, for they include works in oils and water-colors, drawings, chromos, photographs and paintings on porcelain; and certain works of sculpture

which are now at the Metropolitan Museum are also shown in photographic reproductions and advertised as to be included in the sale. There is much variety, too, in the nationality of the artists represented—French and English, German and Italian, Spanish-Roman and American names being all upon the list. But in spite of this fact, and in spite of the fact that the list reads as though the collection might possess many and diverse kinds of interest, there are few works so good or so individual that they repay eye or mind for the dreary and monotonous journey which must be taken to find them out among their fellows. Most of the more deservedly famous names are represented by inferior examples, though a Ziem, a Vibert, a small Firmin-Girard, an Alvarez, a little Sidney Cooper and an Andreas Achenbach may be named as more adequately characteristic of their authors. Two early Vedders show much artistic feeling and intention, together with a smaller share of executive skill; and two paintings of fruits and flowers by the popular Belgian, Robie, are unusually fine examples of his hand.

Art Notes.

—Elbridge Kingsley addressed the Grolier Club last night on 'Modern Wood-Engraving.'

—*The Magazine of Art* for January contains a very short illustrated article on Harry Fenn's home at Montclair, by Roger Riordan. 'Archæology *versus* Art,' by E. Ingress Bell, rather advocates those eclectic principles in architecture which are more American than English. An interesting article is that on Franz Leubach, the German portrait-painter, by Claude Phillips.

R. L. Stevenson: His Style and His Thought.*

[William Archer, in *Time* for November.]

II.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!—STEVENSON.

WHEN we come to look at Mr. Stevenson as a teacher, we find that in his case, at least, the style is the man himself. He may possibly deny at the outset that he is, or aspires to be, a teacher, and, in fact, the process of teaching implies in the popular conception a certain emphasis, foreign, by our hypothesis, to Mr. Stevenson's manner. But every writer, unless his paper-staining be so futile as to constitute a positive social misdemeanor, has a message to deliver, or at least some echo or semblance of a message. Let us say, then, that on examining the message which Mr. Stevenson makes it his business to promulgate, we find that his style chimes with his philosophy as the cantering anapaests of 'Bonnie Dundee' chime with its martial spirit; for is not the ever-recurring burden of Mr. Stevenson's wisdom an exhortation to cultivate lightness of touch upon the chords of life?

'I wish sincerely,' he says, 'for it would have saved me much trouble, that there had been some one to put me in a good heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight; and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never deserts him in the hour of need.' And again:—'A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note.'

... We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life. This is the theorem to the demonstration of which all Mr. Stevenson's writings are devoted. He is, in a word, an aggressive optimist, than whom, to some of us, there can scarcely be a more bewildering phenomenon.

The commonplace optimism, which has its basis in stupidity, is by no means bewildering, however pathetic. It is, moreover, the only genuine article, for the optimism which knows its own name, which has become self-conscious and self-assertive, is already tinctured with its opposite. So soon as we go about to persuade ourselves that life is worth living, we have left our coign of vantage in crass, inert, unreasoning habit. In excusing life we accuse it; and what is bewildering is that a mind so acute as Mr. Stevenson's should fail to perceive this. We are either arguing about words, or pitting mutually destructive experiences against each other, and in either case admitting that existence does not carry its own justification. We bring

* Continued from January 2, and concluded.

forward elaborate pleas in mitigation of sentence, and then toss our caps and huzzas as though we had secured a triumphant acquittal. Having proved that things might be worse, we pass at one bound to the corollary that they could not be better.

Mr. Stevenson—and this is the key to the enigma—is an artist in life as he is in words. From a hundred hints and half-confessions in his writings, we learn that he has, at an early period, formed for himself a sort of eclectic stoic-epicurean ideal, and that he considers himself to have been at least moderately successful in carving his life in accordance with that ideal. He has determined to be, and has been, 'a man, acting on his own instincts, keeping in his own shape that God made him in; and not a mere crank in the social engine-house, welded on principles that he does not understand, and for purposes that he does not care for.' These are his own words, not, of course, applied directly to himself, but evidently describing a personal ideal. Hence his keen sympathy with Thoreau and Whitman, two brother-artists in life, though each with a somewhat different technical method. Hence his denunciation of the commercial spirit, which forgets that money has to be bought at the expense of life, and can be paid for at infinitely more than its worth. Hence his apologies for idlers, his eulogies of the state in which 'the great wheels of intelligence turn idly in the head, like fly-wheels, grinding no grist.' Hence, too, the exactness with which his style corresponds with his character; for the style, as we have seen, always reveals the artist in a man's nature, and Mr. Stevenson is all artist.

As half the pleasure of art lies in the sense of difficulty overcome, in the feeling of power to combine, mould, or carve the most obstinate materials in obedience to the plastic will, so the artist in life finds a not unnatural pleasure in the very hardness of the substance with which he has to deal. The sculptor loves the cold, hard marble, because he knows that out of it he can create delicate forms, shadows and surfaces, which would be unattainable in sandstone or soapstone. Moreover, the sense of exclusive possession adds zest a hundred-fold to the pleasure arising from mere skill. If the art of carving statues were 'as easy as lying,' or even if, like carpentering, it could be learned by every one with moderate perseverance, how little should we envy Phidias, and how little would Phidias himself glory in his calling! It is the nature of man to take pride in his fortuitous advantages, the beauty and genius which raise him above his fellows by no merit of his own, rather than in the personal qualities of temperance, industry, and so forth, whereby he has retained his beauty and developed a genius which would otherwise have lain fallow. In the same way, if all men were, or could be, artists in life, the 'Art of Living' (thus Mr. Stevenson styles it in so many words) would afford much less gratification to its professors. All the qualities which constitute the artist in life—and some of them are suspiciously like mental limitations—are born with him. The opportunities for their cultivation and development almost always exist independently of any effort or volition on his part. Nevertheless—or perhaps we should rather say on that very account—he glories in them with a sense of personal merit, and regards with contemptuous wonder the thousand would-be artists or bunglers who minister by contrast to his sense of mastery, and the million no-artists but toilers and sufferers in the depths who render possible his free art-life upon the heights. 'Times change,' says Mr. Stevenson, 'opinions vary to their opposite, and still this world appears a brave gymnasium, full of sea bathing, and horse-exercise, and bracing manly virtues.' There are some people on whom even sea-bathing and horse-exercise are apt to pall, and who fail to find a joy forever in the practice of manly virtue; these, let us admit for the sake of the argument, are despicable persons, unworthy of regard. But what of those whose wishes are their only horses, who know more of sweat-baths than of sea-baths, and who are shut out from the exercise of any manly virtue, save that of renunciation? They, too, demonstrate the theorem of the liveableness of life, and that much more conclusively than the 'happy man or woman' who affords Mr. Stevenson more gratification than a five-pound note. The happiness *must* be temporary, for under the best of circumstances it tends to wear itself out; the misery *may* be permanent, since it has no inherent tendency to decrease. If, then, the cancer-eaten pauper is as tenacious of existence as the horse-riding, sea-bathing, virtuous athlete, is not he the true proof positive of the liveableness of life, which simply means the tenacity of our earliest, most mechanical habit? It is not Apollo-Goethe but Prometheus-Heine who demonstrates the liveableness of life.

'Although it' ['An Inland Voyage'] 'runs to considerably upwards of two hundred pages,' says Mr. Stevenson in his preface to that delightful book, 'it contains not a single reference

to the imbecility of God's universe, nor so much as a single hint that I could have made a better one myself.' It is a characteristic of such optimism as Mr. Stevenson's to do homage to God in capitals and italics, while refraining from any too curious consideration as to what is meant by that convenient term. Mr. Matthew Arnold expresses himself grateful to the Eternal-not-ourselves 'for the boon of this glorious world to be righteous in.' For 'to be righteous in' read 'to go canoeing in,' and you have Mr. Stevenson's doxology. It is hard to say which formula is the more aptly designed to make the very angels—laugh.

Mr. Stevenson has a perfect right to practise and take pleasure in the Art of Life, and to celebrate the efficacy of his methods. There are men who come beaming and rosy-gilled from a seven o'clock cold shower-bath in mid-January, and proclaim winter to be the only school of bracing manly virtue. For once in a way it is pleasant, and even instructive, to listen to them; but when they go about professing that the whole philosophy of life is summed up in the word 'shower-bath,' and hinting that whoever cannot procure or endure a morning douche must be a Philistine or a dullard, we begin to find their pose irritating, and to wonder whether a turn of rheumatic fever might not leave them wiser, if sadder, men. For aggressive optimism, let Mr. Stevenson remember, is just as distinctly a pose as Wertherism, or Byronism, or Heine-ism, or Musset-ism, and is in the long run quite as offensive. It has not even the title to respect possessed by that idealism which, in George Eliot's phrase, is actively 'meliorist' in the present, and optimist as regards the future. Granted certain conditions of purse and physique a man may easily get hold of the half-truth that from an athletic-aesthetic point of view this is a reasonably satisfactory world; but when we find him confidently propounding this as the whole truth, and going on his way with an 'Allah bismillah!' in athletic-aesthetic content, it is charitable to suspect him of affectation, since the only alternative would be to accuse him of egoistic callousness.

It is not at all a strong thing,' so Mr. Stevenson philosophizes, 'to put one's reliance upon logic; and our own logic particularly, for it is generally wrong. We never know where we are to end if once we begin following words and doctors. There is an upright stock in a man's heart that is truster than any syllogism; and the eyes and the sympathies and appetites know a thing or two that have never yet been stated in controversy.' It would be hard to find in an equally small space a more flourishing crop of sophisms. Because the compass does not always point true, we are to throw it overboard, and trust to the good old rule which recommends us to follow our nose. It is the function of logic, though Mr. Stevenson evidently does not know it, to teach us when we are arguing about words and confuting our opponents by disproving what they never asserted. But Mr. Stevenson's disdain is not really directed against logic in the scholastic sense of the word; he uses it, consciously or unconsciously, as a synonym for science; and in so doing he formally chooses his side in the great strife which is dividing the world. It is becoming clearer every day that this fundamental difference must absorb and sum up all other differences of human opinion, and that the antagonistic factions, whether in politics, religion, literature, or art, will soon be found to resolve themselves into two great parties, whom we may call, for the moment, scientists and anti-scientists. The former are those who accept loyally and consistently the belief that the success and at least the relative happiness of the human race, depends upon its knowledge and observance of the vast system of natural laws, mental as well as physical, which is being gradually revealed to us; the latter are those who reject this faith, and take their stand on supernaturalism, pure inert egoism, or (as in Mr. Stevenson's case) on a form of opinion which puts its trust in 'the eyes and the sympathies and appetites,' and may be called happy-go-lucky-ism. On the ground that 'we never know where we are to end if once we begin following words' (for 'words' please read 'ideas'), they spend their strength in the vain endeavor to remain where they are. Vain indeed! for the only choice is between stumbling onward in the darkness, and marching forward in the light. It is sad to find a man of Mr. Stevenson's genial talent posing as a wilfully blind leader of the blind.

Cheap Books and their Readers.

[An Interview in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THE following account of an interview with Mr. George Routledge, the head of the great publishing firm of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, of the Broadway, Ludgate-hill, will be interesting as affording some gauge of the tastes of the read-

ing public in certain departments of literature. Of course, the figures are given in round numbers. "Mr. Routledge gave me, indeed, much more information (says our representative), but he said himself that "he had told me enough to make a book of." I have been compelled from want of space to omit much. The figures will be of interest to every one:—

"I need tell you nothing about my early life except that I served my apprenticeship to the business of books in Carlisle from 1826 to 1833, when I came to London, and began to work for the firm of Baldwin & Craddock. In those days publishing was very different from what it is now. The firms were few, and only Mr. Murray—I always put him at the top of the tree—devoted himself exclusively to the publishing business simple and pure; the others acted as agents for the country booksellers. When I first came to London, there were Mr. Murray's house, Baldwin & Craddock's, Longmans's, Colburn's, Bentley's, Rivington's, Parbury & Allen's, Hatchard's, and one or two others of less importance. In those days an edition of 500 was considered large, and one of 2000 enormous. Now, it struck me, being actively engaged in business, that this was a peculiarly rotten system of providing only for the select few. What did the masses read? I pondered over this problem for some time, until I determined to establish a business of my own. I began by buying what are called "remainders"—that is, books left unsold out of an edition. This was in 1838, when I took a small shop in Ryder's-court, Leicester-square, and faced the world. I was always brooding over cheap books, and the real origin of my business was the publication of a cheap issue of Fenimore Cooper's novels. They proved a hit, and I saw that I was on the right tack. What gave me a real status among publishers was the proposal which I made, and which was accepted by the late Lord Lytton, for the publication of his novels. I gave £20,000 for the right to publish his books for ten years, a step I never regretted. Of course the copyrights have fallen in now, but some figures which I will give you presently will show that I was right, and my friends wrong, who declared that such an offer from a young publisher was suicidal. I must not forget to tell you of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was a good friend to me. There was no copyright, and other publishers had seized upon it. I turned out an edition which was a little better than the other, and, moreover, induced Lord Carlisle to write a preface, which gave it an air of distinction. We couldn't print it fast enough, so great was the demand, and I dare say we have printed as many as 600,000 copies of the seven or eight editions. The vogue for the book was quite amusing at the time—it was not a vogue, but a craze. I remember when all the people in a single compartment of a railway carriage would be reading it, and if the train stopped and they happened to look up each one smiled confusedly and let his eyes drop once more on the pages. I bought the Key afterwards, but it was a failure. "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World" also commanded enormous sales. In round numbers I believe we print 6,000,000 books in the year, and bind 4,000,000, and our binding clerk, that is he who receives the books into the house, counts no less than 12,000 books in a day, or 4,200,000 books in a working year of 300 days.

Mr. Routledge began life many years ago, and has worked with untiring energy. He is, however, active and alert, with a wonderful memory for every detail from the minutest facts and the longest figures. We know some of the luxurious retreats in which the magnificent publisher loves to take his ease and transact his business: rooms on whose walls hang precious pictures, where the furniture is Chippendale and Sheraton, the choicest of its kind, with articles of vertu scattered about in artistic profusion, china, and rare books, with pile carpets soft to the foot, Persian rugs, and Morris papers, and all the prettinesses that make life worth living. Mr. Routledge is of another school. He sits in a sma" but lofty room, around which run many rows of plain deal shelves, loaded with books of every kind. When we say that the collection represents the work of a lifetime it is enough. His library contains the five thousand books that he has published. Sitting before a business-like oaken secrétaire, Mr. Routledge laughs and jokes, putting in some shrewd remark, or pointing it by a story which he evidently enjoys as much for the thousandth time as I did for the first. He has done incalculable service to us by the impetus he has given to the spread of cheap and good literature to the far ends of the earth. Once or twice during our interview his son Mr. Edmund Routledge joined in the discussion. He, of course, is a well known and active politician—Mr. Firth's chairman, a man whose name is great in the councils of the amateur Parliaments, those schools for the great Parliament of the Panjandrums, in which Mr. Edmund Routledge is safe to find himself some day. At present business is business.

The following figures show a year's sale, and we leave it for our readers to draw their own conclusions. First we give a miscellaneous table of figures, taken at random. In the case of Scott's novels, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Black, of Edinburgh, also publishes a cheap edition, which commands a great sale, no doubt:—

Lytton's (sixpenny edition).	80,000	Sterne	2,865
Scott's Novels.....	30,000	Innocents Abroad.....	5,575
Marryat's Novels.....	60,000	Arabian Nights.....	1,403
Robinson Crusoe (18 mos.)	40,000	Æsop's Fables.....	2,427
The English Opium-eater..	1,910	Amelia.....	4,900
Gulliver's Travels.....	2,480	Joseph Andrews.....	5,250
Jack Hinton.....	8,000	Tom Jones.....	8,200

Of the three-and-sixpenny edition of Lord Lytton's novels they have sold during the last twelve months:—

Night and Morning.....	1,170	Pelham	656
The Last of the Barons....	1,440	A Strange Story.....	740
The Last Days of Pompeii.	1,470	What will he Do with It?	1,604
Alice.....	980	Eugene Aram.....	870
The Caxtons	880	My Novel.....	700

The following figures show the twelve months' sale of Harrison Ainsworth's novels:—

Windsor Castle	10,170	Jack Sheppard.....	8,400
Tower of London.....	11,750	Guy Fawkes.....	9,880
Rookwood	9,256	Lancashire Witches.....	5,950
Old St. Paul's.....	10,000		

The following figures show the twelve months' sale of Fenimore Cooper's novels:—

The Deerslayer.....	3,290	The Pathfinder.....	3,636
The Bravo	1,550	The Pilot	3,575
The Borderers	2,030	Prairie.....	3,200
The Last of the Mohicans..	4,360	Red Rover.....	2,830

Now, take a year's sale of some of Dumas's most popular works. The figures are really striking. 'Monte Christo' is published in two volumes, and the sale of both volumes included is 41,160; of 'Twenty Years After,' 10,290; of 'The Three Musketeers,' 11,100. How much more popular he is, for instance, than Eugène Sue, of whose 'Mysteries of Paris' a year's sale is only 3400, and 'The Wandering Jew' 2080 copies; than Victor Hugo, of whose 'Notre Dame' 4530 copies were sold. Two most popular books are 'Handy Andy' and 'Valentine Vox,' of the first of which the year's sale was over 18,000, and of the second 14,000 copies.

By an arrangement which Mr. Routledge has with Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the owners of Dickens's copyright, he is permitted to publish a cheap edition of a novel a little time before the copyright expires, thus enabling him to enter the market some time before the host of other competitors. Some few weeks ago the street boys were selling an illustrated 'Nicholas Nickleby' for a penny; but the paper alone in the book could scarcely have been bought for that sum. Of course the edition was done for advertising purposes, but it is evident that a penny reprint of which the paper alone costs so much is a very expensive medium. But that is by the way. Mr. Routledge was kind enough to place these figures of the sale of some of his Dickens's novels at my disposal, the figures representing the sale of a year. They offer a gauge of the demand for the respective novels:—

American Notes.....	3,345	Pickwick	7,650
Barnaby Rudge.....	6,260	Sketches by Boz.....	4,060
Grimaldi.....	3,266	Oliver Twist.....	5,456
Nicholas Nickleby.....	6,670	Old Curiosity Shop.....	7,000

The following table shows the sale of a few of the poets taken during the twelve months ending June 12, 1885:—

Byron	2,380	Lowell	307
Burns.....	2,250	Milton.....	1,850
Campbell.....	207	Moore.....	2,276
Chaucer.....	637	Poe.....	310
Cowper.....	800	Pope.....	706
Hemans.....	1,900	Rogers.....	32
Hood.....	980	Scott.....	3,170
Hunt, Leigh.....	76	Shakespeare.....	2,700
Keats.....	40	Shelley.....	500
L. E. L.....	109	Southey.....	267
Longfellow.....	6,000	Spenser.....	360

One is naturally attracted by the dazzling rows of Christmas books beneath the weight of which Mr. Routledge's shelves

literally groan and creak. One sees brawny porters staggering with loads of such literature, piling them up in stacks, ready for the active gentlemen who distribute them to the bookseller. Whence come they? Whither do they go? Are there any fashions in Christmas books, and how was the fashion begun? These are questions which Mr. Routledge finds some difficulty in answering. 'I suppose they took their origin in the old Keepsakes and Beauty Books, such as were in vogue in 1856, when the Countess of Blessington used to solicit her friends for contributions to her annual, and got them too. Then the Books of Beauty began to fade in popular favor, and the guinea gift books took their places, such as the Longfellow, Tennyson, Robert Montgomery, "Home Affections," "Robinson Crusoe," and others, all of which I published. To give you some idea of the great outlay upon such books, I may tell you that we spent about a thousand pounds upon the pictures alone of each of the volumes I have mentioned, except "Home Affections," the illustrations of which cost £1250. Their sale is limited now, but it still goes on. No, I could not trace the fashion in Christmas literature, except that it is the result of free trade, cheap paper, cheap ink, cheap binding, and low prices. The oldest boys' magazine is the *Boys' Magazine*, which we publish, and this has now reached its twenty-fifth year. Then of the bound volume I dare say we sell as many as 16,000 copies. Of course, Mr. Caldecott for eight successive years has done sixteen toy books for us; that is at the rate of two a year. His great gift of humor, his whimsicalities, his wonderful draughtsmanship have procured for them a vast sale. Mr. Walter Crane is well known as a provider of Christmas pictures, and Mr. Harry Furniss now makes his first attempt this year.'

Some idea of the demand for school books may be gathered from the fact that 43,000 copies of a penny table-book, which has been in existence for twenty years, and 25,000 copies of Aunt Mavor's spelling-book, represent a year's sale.

'Some time ago the idea occurred to me that a series of cheap volumes containing the best of the old literature, of which one volume should appear each month, as a magazine on a fixed date, would hit the popular taste. We projected the series which Professor Morley edits, and have found that the public respond eagerly. We have already published twenty-eight of these shilling volumes, beginning with Sheridan, of which alone we have already sold over 30,000 copies. This series was begun to meet the great class of clerks who prefer their own quiet fireside with a good book to the more glittering attractions of a theatre. And the poorest clerk can afford ninepence a month for his mental pabulum.'

It is not surprising that the charming little volumes [of the Pocket Library], of which three have at present been published, are having a large sale. Handy in size, delightful to hold, small enough to carry in a pocket of ordinary capacity, beautifully printed, with clear French type, and on French paper with a smooth, glossy surface, the most *exigeant* connoisseur of books would fall in love with one of the delightful little books, which are already so popular that 14,000 copies of Bret Harte alone have been sold. You may buy them with the warm red cover and the cut leaves; or, if you fancy large paper and leaves uncut, your taste may be gratified for the same sum—9d. Hood has just been published, and possibly one of Lord Lytton's novels will follow.

'The fashion in birthday books began five or six years ago, how I scarcely know. The demand and the supply still go on, but the fashion will have but a short life, I fancy. I dare say the fact that the Princess Louise and the Princess Beatrice themselves contributed to the birthday books helped the fashion. During the twelvemonth we have sold 4500 of the "Longfellow Birthday Book," 3072 of the "Shakspeare," and 4290 of the "Scripture Text Book." Nor do we have large sales for books of recitations and comic vocalists.'

Courage.

[From *The Spectator*.]

IN an amusing and ingenious article on Courage, moral and physical, by Mr. J. G. Cox, which appears in *Merry England* for May, under the title of 'A Misunderstood Quality,' Mr. Cox not only shows how very difficult it is always to discriminate between physical and moral courage, but how much passes under the name of courage which, if we could really penetrate its secret, would be found to be something quite different, as when a man who has not the least belief in either the supernatural or the preternatural, and is, indeed, too dense for such a belief, sleeps without a tremor in a room reputed to be haunted, or a rider, who knows both himself and his horse, takes a high

fence which he is perfectly confident that his hunter can clear with ease. But Mr. Cox runs into paradox, and, as we think, into mistake, when he insists on the clear apprehension of danger as a test of courage so emphatically that he maintains fearlessness to be absolutely incompatible with courage. Surely it depends entirely on what the state of mind is, which causes the fearlessness. If it is mere ignorance of the grounds for expecting painful consequences, whatever those painful consequences may be, or something more stolid still, the complete deficiency in sensitiveness to those painful consequences, then Mr. Cox is right, and the quality shown is not courage at all; for, of course, if that ignorance were removed and the man suddenly apprehended that it was, say, three chances to one that he should die, or if the danger were so varied as to be one that came home to him, his apparent courage would collapse at once. But suppose, on the other hand, that a man's courage arose not in the least from either ignorance or callousness, that, on the contrary, the profound sense of danger stimulated every faculty, and that the only reason why he did not tremble at the imminent pain or death was that his mind was far too powerfully preoccupied with the great hope, whatever it might be, of turning the threatening danger into a new source of joy and security,—would not that be not only the truest courage, but the very quality which every man most desires, for the sake of his own character, to possess? Yet that would mean, for the occasion, and under the circumstances of the case, fearlessness, and the most perfect fearlessness; not incapacity to shrink, but the incapacity to shrink under the particular stimulus of noble ambition or beneficent or patriotic hope that we have supposed; not callousness to pain, but preoccupation with the prospect of a much greater happiness; not mere presence of mind, but presence of mind produced by a vision of something far more inspiring than the particular risk is paralysing.

Mr. Cox seems to us to have been misled very much by considering that men praise courage, and that there ought to be something meritorious in what they praise. Now there are two kinds of praise,—one, pure admiration, which is excited quite as much by a great gift or genius, in which there is no merit, as by a strenuous effort to do what is right; and the other, moral approbation, which, no doubt, does imply that there is a struggle, and that the will follows the right course. Now, we submit that, in fact, all the virtues are most *admired* when they excite the least sense of moral approbation, that is, when there is the least necessity for struggle in them, and the most sense of victorious ease and commanding power. Take the case of honesty. Do we demand, as Mr. Cox demands in the case of courage, that honesty shall imply a successful struggle? On the contrary, the thief in 'Never Too Late to Mend' who told his host what a mass of plate he had virtuously refrained from stealing, how he had gloated over a lovely silver coffee-pot, and had, nevertheless, replaced it honestly in the chest under the bed after admiring its quality and weight, would be approved by all of us for his victory over himself, but would never be admired for the marvellous honesty he had displayed. Take the case of generosity. Do we demand, as Mr. Cox demands in the case of courage, that generosity shall imply a successful struggle over the eager desire to keep all our property to ourselves? On the contrary, no one would ever pick out Mrs. Norris in 'Mansfield Park' as a type of generosity, though she did (as Miss Austen's nieces have told us on their aunt's authority) give her nephew one pound sterling, where Lady Bertram had given him ten pounds without even fancying that she had shown generosity at all. When we admire generosity, we admire not the struggle which it costs a man to give, but the attitude of mind which makes it harder for a man to see another in want than even to be in want himself. It seems to us quite a mistake to suppose that we admire virtues in proportion to the painful sacrifices they involve. On the contrary, we admire them most where they have entirely ceased, in ordinary cases, to involve painful sacrifices at all. We ascribe no *merit*, it is true, to a virtue except so far as it has been painfully acquired by self-culture, any more than we ascribe moral merit to a poet's inspiration or a painter's genius. But the less of moral merit there is in a virtue, the more it excites our admiration as implying an intrinsically higher constitution of the inward world.

Just so in relation to courage; we should by no means define it, as Mr. Cox defines it, as 'a willingness to accept or risk unpleasant consequences for the sake of some proportionate object of desire.' On the contrary, we should describe ideal courage as the state of mind in which the apprehension of unpleasant consequences, however clear it may be, is entirely overshadowed by the more lively apprehension of some great good appropriate to the occasion, which may either take the place of the unpleas-

ant consequence or may arise out of it. The soldier who delights to think that he may give his life to secure a victory for his country is courageous in a far truer sense than Mr. Cox's officer, who was always in a 'blue funk' during the battle, but who had the courage to do all his duty as faithfully as if he had been fearless. Doubtless the latter is entitled to far more approbation. He earned the merit of moral fidelity where the former only displayed the quality of a more finely balanced character. But surely the fearless soldier had far more courage, though the fearful one had far more right to our reverence for the way in which he was training himself to become courageous. If we had our choice between the two states of mind, we should at once prefer the courage of the man who is so preoccupied with the higher ends of the struggle as to lose all thought of himself, to the more germinal moral qualities of the officer who went about in terror, though he had the nobility and the heroism to do his duty. We do not, of course, mean that if the naturally brave man were destitute of moral constancy of will, we should not prefer intrinsically constancy of will to the mere quality of courage. But, of course, that is not the true issue. There is no reason in the world why the naturally brave man, who is thinking only of contributing to his country's victory, should not have constancy of will also, whenever the occasion arises to test it. But if we were asked whether, in any great issue, we would rather be trembling for our own safety, though constant enough to risk all necessary peril, or, like Wordsworth's 'happy warrior,' 'attired with sudden brightness like a man inspired' the moment the great issues of the struggle are clear before the mind, it seems to us idle to say that any right-minded man would not prefer the latter to the former type of character.

True courage, both moral and physical, really implies the power, not, perhaps, to forget the danger, but to account it in some sense a delight, in the vision of some nobler end to which the danger may lead. The boy, in Mr. Cox's illustration, who says his prayers amidst the ridicule of his schoolfellows, should not, if his be an ideal character, nerve himself painfully for a great effort, but should be fully sensible of the delight of suffering something for his loyalty to God. The boy who cannot feel this, but who in terror and misery does his duty all the same, is no doubt earning more divine approbation than he who has no struggle to go through. The character of the former on this point is still in the making; the character of the latter as regards this kind of temptation is already made. But, of course, we admire more, so far as the point in question goes, the character already made, to the character which is still in the making. Virtues grow completer as the sacrifices which they involve grow less. The greatest merit implies the least virtue; though, of course, the more advanced characters have their own victories to win, their own merits to earn, in a sphere higher than that in which most men's earthly battles are fought. But it will never do to admit that because we find less merit in an action, there is less virtue in it. On the contrary, so far as we can see, the merits of the frail are no merits to the virtuous; and the reason that they are not so, is that the virtuous have either been born in, or have reached, a higher plane in which they no longer feel the temptations in the toils of which so many of their fellow-creatures are still struggling.

Current Criticism

HENRI GRÉVILLE AND HER HUSBAND.—In her lecture on 'How I Became an Author,' Madame Henri Gréville tells how success came to the joint venture of husband and wife conjugally enclosed in the same envelope. The juxtaposition of the advertisements of Mr. and Mrs. Durand-Gréville in the same newspaper column pleasantly indicates that this good tradition is still kept up. In compliance with the invitation of Drs. Holmes, Bigelow, Bowditch and Fitz, and several other prominent citizens, M. Durand-Gréville is to give an account on Wednesday evening of the labors and discoveries of M. Pasteur with especial reference to the treatment of hydrophobia. On Tuesday afternoon his wife has consented to deliver in Cambridge the lecture on Tourguéneff that indisposition prevented her from giving in Boston to the great disappointment of many. The privileged few who heard at the last meeting of the 'Round Table' Mme. Gréville's charming characterization of the great novelist in connection with poetical and unpoetical aspects of *life in Russia*, will be more than ever desirous to hear her speak more at length of the great genius she has known so well, both in Russia and in Paris.—*Boston Transcript*.

WANING OF THE WORDSWORTH SOCIETY.—The seventh part of the privately printed 'Transactions of the Wordsworth So-

ciety' has just been circulated among the members. It contains—(1) An address by the late Lord Houghton (the last he ever delivered, containing some good tales); (2) a paper by Dr. Spence Watson on 'Wordsworth's Relations to Science,' republished from *Macmillan*; (3) a new list of Wordsworth's poems, arranged in chronological order; (4) 'A Bibliography of the Poems,' reprinted from an earlier volume of the 'Transactions'; and (5) a report read at the annual meeting on the 8th of July last by the honorary secretary, Professor Knight (whose name is likely to be as honorably linked with Wordsworth's, as is Professor Masson's with Milton's). From the report it appears that we may next year expect a new volume of 'Selections from Wordsworth, to be edited conjointly by from twelve to twenty members of the Society,' and that Mr. Brown-ing will 'begin the work.' It is also announced that the next (1886) will be the last volume of the Society's 'Transactions.' Professor Knight wisely says, 'It is in every way undesirable that a society such as this should linger on under the conditions of forced existence.' We believe that, from the first, it was contemplated that the Society should only exist for a limited time. It would have amply justified its existence if it had only secured the published addresses of such eminent critics as Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. James Russell Lowell, and Mr. Stopford Brooke. It has, however, also published many papers which will be of great service to future students of the great poet of Rydal Mount. Nor is the close of the Society's career evidence that, even for this generation, the poet's laurels seem to fade. In spite of all that M. Taine and other wits may say of sonnets on an old toothbrush, and the like, Wordsworth lives on, strong in a grand simplicity, and needing no society to sing his praise or explain his meaning.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

COPE WHITEHOUSE AND LAKE MOERIS.—Nearly two years ago we called attention to the discoveries of Mr. Cope Whitehouse, the American traveller and Egyptologist, as to the site of the ancient Lake Moeris. We pointed out that Mr. Whitehouse's object had been to show that the account given of this wonderful lake by Herodotus, and repeated by Diodorus, Strabo, Mutianus, and Pliny, was the true one, and that M. Linant de Bellefond's theory, disagreeing as it does with the account of the contemporary historian, was wrong. This we considered that Mr. Whitehouse had proved to demonstration, and the result of two years' discussion on the point by most of the learned societies of Europe has been to confirm us in our opinion. It is to be remarked that Mr. Whitehouse has always strenuously endeavored to secure the criticisms of competent experts in each branch of the inquiry, and the accuracy of his observations has been attested by the learned bodies to whose judgment his notes have been submitted. He has, of course, encountered unfavorable criticism, but hardly any of his critics deny that he has found the site of the ancient lake; they seem rather afraid of what follows if he is right. Drs. Birch, Ascherson, Pleyte, and Schweinfurth have declared themselves satisfied, and last, but not least, Colonel Scott-Moncrieff, Director-General of Public Works in Egypt, has shown his appreciation of the practical value of the discovery by applying to the Egyptian Government for a sum of money to enable him to confirm Mr. Whitehouse's views by personal observations. As the one success of our administration in Egypt has been our management of the irrigation system, it is a very strong fact in Mr. Whitehouse's favor that Colonel Moncrieff should have taken the matter up.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

NO DOUBT Cassell & Co. would smile at the idea of being called missionaries, yet they will begin on the 15th of this month what is nothing short of missionary work. This is the publication of a series of books to be issued weekly under the general title of Cassell's National Library. The books being international in authorship, the term national really refers to their claim as national educators. The books will be reprints from famous classics, and will include all branches of literature. Prof. Henry Morley, who edits the series, will write an introduction to each volume. The first number will be Macaulay's 'Warren Hastings.' This will be followed by Walton's 'Complete Angler,' Byron's 'Childe Harold,' Franklin's Autobiography, Sheridan's 'School for Scandal' and 'The Rivals,' and other masterpieces. Each volume will be a small octavo of about 192 pages, printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and sold for ten cents a volume. The library may be subscribed for by the year. It will cost \$5, post-paid. Fifty-two beautiful little volumes of classic literature for five dollars!

—Joshua B. Lippincott, head of the publishing-house of J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia, died in that city on Tuesday last. He was born in Burlington Co., N. J., about 1815, and founded the house of Lippincott, which grew to be one of the largest in the country, in 1836. Early last year Mr. Lippincott, realizing that his health was failing, reorganized his publishing business, forming a stock-company, of which he became the principal stockholder. His sons Walter and Craig are now at its head. Its catalogue numbers about 3,000 books, including many standard works of great value. Mr. Lippincott had been a sufferer for several years, and for three months had been more or less confined to his room. Dickens and Thackeray were among his friends, and he entertained them when they were last in the United States.

—A valuable report on the Blackfoot Indians appears in the 'Proceedings' of the British Association at their Aberdeen meeting in September last. The Committee in whose name it is issued, and of which Dr. E. B. Tylor is, we believe, the Chairman, was appointed for the purpose of investigating and publishing reports on the Northwestern tribes of Canada; but the Riel insurrection, and other causes that operated to unsettle the state of the country last year, made it impossible to do more than collect materials for this preliminary report, the preparation of which was wisely entrusted to Mr. Horatio Hale. It is Mr. Hale's opinion that the Blackfoot language is, in its grammar, purely Algonkin, and not, as Gallatin supposed it to be, 'different from any other known to us.' Mr. Hale has had the assistance in this work of two Canadian missionaries—Father Lacombe and the Rev. John McLean.

—Tennyson's new book is printed in Harper's Handy Series.

—Mr. R. R. Bowker in severing his connection with Harper & Bros. does so to devote more attention to general literature and less to office work. *The Publishers' Weekly* will no doubt be the gainer by this change, and so will the reading public.

—A dollar edition of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter' has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—'The People and Politics,' by Dr. G. W. Hosmer, has just been translated into Italian by M. Brunialti, a member of the Italian Parliament. There are some reasons why this piece of literary intelligence is noteworthy. Dr. Hosmer's book is written from the American standpoint. It comprehends what America may be supposed to have to say in contradistinction to what has been said by England, France, Germany and Italy upon the scope of political problems; and equally in distinction to English and French ideas reproduced by American writers. The author's theory is that the republic—the government of the people, for the people, and by the people—is the only proper condition of political stability in a nation of rational men; and that all other forms of government indicate either preliminary stages of national growth or national decrepitude. It is interesting to note that this vigorous American view of the relation of the republic to the condition of the people attracts attention in so important a centre of political thought as the capital of Italy.

—There is a humorous touch in the prefatory note to Prof. Beers's 'Thankless Muse.' Referring to his earlier book of poems, the author says: 'Half of that edition—of five hundred copies—was consumed by the public; the other half, *much more rapidly*, by the fire which burned Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Boston store in 1879.'

—'Puck's Annual' for 1886 is as full of pictures, puns, rhymes and coarse jokes as ever. It is not refined humor that makes *Puck* a commercial success and a political power: it is the coarse strength of its cartoons, which thus far have been drawn almost uniformly in the interests of popular morality and political integrity.

—The shade of Henry Fielding has recently received the compliment, at the hands of Messrs. White, Stokes & Allen, of an illustrated edition of 'Tom Jones' in two volumes, and of 'Joseph Andrews' and 'Amelia' each in one. The books are neatly bound in cloth and conveniently packed in a pasteboard case, the set being sold together for six dollars. A serious

drawback to their enjoyment—the only one that we have noted—is the thinness of the paper on which they are printed. This is actually transparent, the text on one side of the sheet being legible from the opposite side.

—Last Saturday evening's *Post* contained the following notes in its cable-dispatch from London:—Sir Theodore Martin has sent to press with Blackwood his translation into English verse of the second part of 'Faust.'—Macmillan's new novel by Marion Crawford will be called 'A Scholar's Romance.'—Froude's new work which the Longmans will publish, will be called 'Oceana, or England and her Colonies.'—John Morley is writing for *Macmillan's Magazine* a reply to Sir Henry Maine's 'Popular Government.' I hear it is a very severe criticism of Matthew Arnold's official report to the Government on free education. It will not be ready for some time.

—The authorship of 'Taken by Siege,' the serial begun in the January number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, is a profound secret, and is not even known by the editor of the magazine. The manuscript of the story was written out by a type-writer and sent him by a friend of the author. He read it at once and accepted it on its merits. Only two persons know who the author is, and they are bound to secrecy. The scene of this story, which is one of to-day, is laid in New York, and it is said that it will not be hard to guess who served as model for the heroine. The other characters, while they are not portraits, describe well-known types.

—*The Athenæum* contradicts the report generally current that 'Mr. Browning's recent purchase of a *palazzo* in Venice was prompted by the desire to place the greatest possible distance between himself and the Browning Society.' It has really been bought mainly for the convenience of Mr. R. B. Browning.

—Mr. Ruskin hopes to get the remaining three chapters of 'Præterita,' which will complete the first volume of his Autobiography, finished and out by his birthday on February 8 next. He will have to cover more years in a number than he is doing now, for although he has reached Part VII. he has not got himself out of roundabouts yet.

—*Harper's* for February will have for its leading article a paper on 'The British Navy,' by Sir Edward Reed, late Chief of Construction in the British Admiralty. In this article Sir Edward pays the United States a handsome compliment by acknowledging the indebtedness of Great Britain and Europe to the United States for some invaluable lessons in naval construction and naval warfare. In the same number Mr. Chas. Dudley Warner has an important paper on 'Education as a Factor in Prison Reform'—a paper that school-teachers as well as state's-prison officials would do well to read.

—Since writing his recent articles for *The Century*, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin has seen the Taziéh, or passion play of Persia, and will describe it in the February *Harper's*.

—*The Bookbinder*, with a new cover by G. H. Halm, will appear enlarged and much improved during 1886. The February number will have a portrait of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett as a frontispiece.

—Joaquin Miller talks of building a house on the border of a lake in Florida, and making that State his permanent home.

—E. E. B. reminds us that we spoke of David Christie Murray in our last number as the author of 'Matrimony,' W. E. Norris's admirable novel. We had already discovered the slip ourselves. What we should like to learn, is how we came to make it.

—In 'December,' which D. Lothrop & Co. publish, there is a poem by Col. T. W. Higginson, which appeared originally as an anonymous contribution to an early number of the first series of *Putnam's Magazine*, and is now for the first time printed over the name of its author.

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The Critic

THE BUFFALO COURIER says: "A published volume of Essays from THE CRITIC testifies to the literary ability of which that periodical has quickly become the rallying point and mouth-piece."